

Empire Day

May 23 - 1941



DEPARTMENT of EDUCATION

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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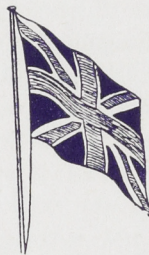
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Geo. C. Simpson

EMPIRE DAY

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*Not for the lust of war we fight,
But for the triumph of the right;
The strife we hate is on us thrust,
Our aims are pure, our cause is just;
So strong in faith we plead with Thee
For Britain's cause on land and sea.*



DEPARTMENT of EDUCATION



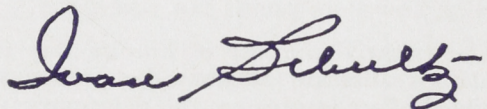
A PRAYER

O Lord of Hosts stretch forth, we pray Thee, Thine almighty arm to strengthen and protect the forces of our King, in every peril of the sea, and land, and air. Make us ever mindful of the price that is paid for our protection. Watch over the schools and homes of our land, that we, the youth of this troubled time, may be fitted to serve Thee in a better world, where, in security and peace, all nations may freely love and praise Thy holy name.—
AMEN.

FOREWORD

The Empire of which Canada is a part is at war. The way of life in which we believe is endangered as never before. In our own province men from all parts of the British dominions, from Australia, New Zealand, Britain, Ireland, South Africa, and the Indies, are in training for the protection of the rights and ideals in which we believe. Our own men are serving in the armed forces of the Empire in Britain, in Iceland, in Egypt, and in Greece. The principles of honour and good faith upon which the Empire is built have united the various parts of the Empire as never before, and in Manitoba, Canadians, whatever their racial extractions, have joined together for the same high purpose. All our energies are centred upon and consecrated to the great struggle in which we are engaged.

We know that the struggle will be a long and bitter one. We are confident of ultimate success, but in the last analysis the result will be determined as much by the spirit of our people at home as by the spirit of our men in active service abroad. Our soldiers will hold the front lines, our sailors will rule the seas, and our airmen will guard the skies, but it behooves us who remain at home to accept our responsibilities and meet them in the same spirit. The boys and girls of Manitoba must be taught that our race is making history and that there is no effort or sacrifice too great in order that this war may be brought to a successful issue. May we all by greater diligence and greater faithfulness lay solid and enduring foundations for the peace that is to be.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Ivan Schulz". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, stylized 'S' at the end.

Minister of Education.



To the Teacher

Empire Day this year will fall on Friday, May 23rd, and will be celebrated throughout the schools of the province on that day. It must be remembered that no part of the day is a school holiday, nor should it be used as such under any circumstances, but rather dedicated to the purpose of awakening in the minds of our students a keener perception of the responsibilities of citizenship. The Department of Education requests principals and teachers of all grades in the schools of the province to make timely and adequate provision for the presentation and discussion of the topic chosen for special study on Empire Day. That topic is "The Empire at War." It is the duty of every teacher to consider with much care what features and aspects of this great subject can most profitably be studied by the boys and girls of the school or grade of which the teacher is in charge. It is evident that the task of a teacher in an ungraded school is very different from that of a teacher in charge of a single grade. A feature or point of view which is chosen for one of the higher grades might prove unsuitable for the little folk. Everything connected with the study should be as vivid and concrete as the nature of the subject will allow. In this matter, as in all educational work, everything depends on the good judgment of the teacher, and his ability to adapt the subject to the needs and capacities of the children. It is to be remembered that the programme that we are outlining is suggestive only, and the teacher will vary this to suit the needs of his particular group. The material presented in the pages that follow is to be used in connection with the programme outlined but may require adaption into simpler language for use in the lower grades. We feel however that the material itself is appropriate for the purpose for which it is intended, and urge the fullest possible use of these extracts in any programme presented.

It is desirable that wherever possible the programme arranged for Empire Day should be heard by the parents of the students, and if possible they should be invited to the school. In this connection we feel it is probably advisable for each room of a school to provide its own Empire Day programme rather than have the students gathered in one large auditorium. No programme can be devised to meet successfully the requirements of the primary grades as well as the high school grades, and moreover where the programme is prepared by the students of each classroom more pupils can take part.

The essential purpose of Empire Day is to awaken in the minds of the students a realization of what the present struggle means, and that it is a determined effort to preserve the democratic way of living in which we believe. The programme will be a success to the extent these aims are realized. We hope every classroom in the province will make a special effort to make the Empire Day exercises of this year a memorable part of the school programme.



EMPIRE DAY

Friday, May 23, 1941

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The schools of Manitoba have shown their eagerness to serve the Empire cause in many practical ways. Over sixty-one thousand boys and girls in two thousand classroom branches of the Junior Red Cross have organized to carry on work that is always important and particularly so in war time when the needs of soldiers, sailors and British children are added to those of our own people.

No call for help has gone unanswered by our schools. The Manitoba School Children's Ambulance Fund has been the finest demonstration of the way schools stand with the Empire in this struggle. Over seventeen thousand dollars have been given to provide two ambulances, two mobile kitchen units, clothing for British children and comforts and recreation for our armed forces.

The school children of Manitoba have set a fine example in the way they have responded to the Canadian call for money with which to carry on the war. Schools have reported savings of more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, again proving that we are with the Empire to the full extent of our means. All of these efforts have required labor and sacrifice on the part of teachers as well as pupils.

On May 23rd, we shall take time to think of the Empire and the struggle in which it is engaged. We shall recall glorious deeds of valour which will inspire us to greater endeavour. We shall rededicate ourselves to the service of our country. We shall offer prayers to the Almighty for His help and guidance in this the hour of our need.

The material in this booklet, together with what can be found in the Empire Day booklets of former years, the School Journals of the past year and a half, the Junior Red Cross and other magazines, the readers, the literature texts, the school libraries, and other sources will provide great variety of suggestions for the programme. Each pupil should take part in such a way as to be made to feel that he is not only an important unit in the school, but in the Empire as well. The outline which follows is merely suggestive and will be filled out with items that suit the ages and numbers of the pupils in the school.

Empire Day offers another fine opportunity to bring the school and the community together, so if at all possible, the public should attend the school programme. A public meeting should be arranged. Such a gathering will give people a welcome opportunity to express their loyalty to the Empire and its cause.

C.K. Rogers

Suggested Programme



O CANADA

HYMN - - - - *Land of Hope and Glory*

PRAYER

ADDRESS - - - - *Meaning of Empire Day*

PLAY OR PAGEANT

ADDRESS - - - - *Why the Empire is at War*

RECITATION

PATRIOTIC CHORUS

TABLEAU OF EMPIRE

ADDRESS - - - - - *Deeds of Valour*

HYMN - *For the Airmen or Kipling's Recessional*

ADDRESS—*What Our School has done to Serve the Empire*

RECITATION

Flag Drill, ending with unfurling of the flag, march past and flag salute

NATIONAL ANTHEM



The addresses should be prepared and given by the pupils. The topics are merely suggestive. Many others such as The Flag, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, The Army, The Navy, The Air Force, Canadian War Effort, could be used. For young children stories of Heroic Deeds and of the children in other parts of the Empire, simple verses, suitable songs and drills, can be used. Appropriate songs and hymns are "Hearts of Oak," "Ye Mariners of England," "Rule Britannia," "Jerusalem," "Land of Our Birth."

THE CAUSE

The Prime Minister of Canada

A new relationship of men and of nations is already beginning its slow but sure evolution. It is based not on fear, on greed and on hate, but on mutual trust and the noblest qualities of the human heart and mind. It seeks neither to divide nor to destroy. Its aim is brotherhood, its method co-operation. The new order found expression when Britain determined to put an end to aggression in Europe. It expressed itself at the outbreak of war, when this young nation and other nations of the British Commonwealth took their place at the side of Britain, and made a free-will offering of their treasure and their blood in the defence of freedom.

These things are combining to create one great brotherhood of the English-speaking peoples. Nations, large and small, are finding in its aim a new unity in the common defence of freedom and of human rights. On such a foundation of unity of purpose and of effort, free people may well hope to build an enduring new world order.

—W. L. MACKENZIE KING.

THE BRITISH HERITAGE

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open Sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands
Should perish: and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our Halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. —In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

—Wordsworth.

* * *

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT to PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL:

"Sail on, O ship of state;
Sail on, O Union strong and great.
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL to PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

"Put your confidence in us. Give us your faith and your blessing, and under Providence all will be well.

"We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle nor the long drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. Give us the tools and we will finish the job."

* * *

The President of the United States

THE VOICE OF THE UNITED STATES—President Roosevelt

"The plain facts are that the Nazis have proclaimed, time and again, that all other races are their inferiors and therefore subject to their orders. And most important of all, the vast resources and wealth of this American hemisphere constitute the most tempting loot in all of the round world."

"The experience of the past two years has proven beyond doubt that no nation can appease the Nazis. No man can tame a tiger by stroking it. There can be no appease-

ment with ruthlessness. There can be no reasoning with an incendiary bomb. We know now that a nation can have peace with the Nazis only at the price of total surrender.

"The history of recent years proves that the shootings and the chains and concentration camps are not simply the transient tools but the very altars of modern dictatorships. They may talk of a 'New Order' in the world, but what they have in mind is only a revival of the oldest and worst tyranny. In that there is no liberty, no religion, no hope."

* * *

PRAYER for ENGLAND

Tonight and every night
 God save England!
 Tonight and every night
 while fires are still alight
 where roaring skies rain death
 so long as men have breath
 for all free men to fight—
 God save England!
 God save the Right!
 Today and every day
 God save England!
 The English poets' may,
 the seaman's world-highway,
 the heroic muster-roll
 who are the heart and soul
 and strength for which men pray—
 God save England!
 and the English way!

From the United States

Her future still to be
 shall save England—
 than lordship of the sea,
 than sovereign empery
 far more—that she may stand
 liberty's risen land
 with all her people's free—
 God save that England
 surely to be!
 This night and every night
 God save England!
 This day and every day—
 till War be torn away,
 a foul unnatural birth
 from a new ordered earth—
 and dawn in brave array
 Shine on great England
 for whom tonight we pray!
 —William Rose Benet

* * *

The British Ambassador to the United States

NO EMPTY BOAST

"We may readily admit that we, like other men, have often fallen short of our professions. Our history has not been free from faults; it has taken time to establish in universal practice principles which have now won general acceptance. And there are things today within our body politic which we need to fight not less intensely, if with other weapons, than we fight the enemy without. But the broad record of the British race stands to be judged on facts that are incontestable. It is the fact that during the nineteenth century, when the power of this country was unchallenged, there was no nation in Europe that felt for that reason insecure, or that did not recognize our power to be an instrument of peace. The Pax Britannica has been no empty or self-righteous boast of purpose. It is the fact too, that in every corner of the world where men of British race have established influence, there by immutable law of nature you find established the seed and plant of liberty. It is the trail by which is marked their progress, interpreted to all by the standards of good faith, respect for law, and equal justice. Most truly, therefore, of our people was it said: 'Their country's cause is the high cause of freedom and honour. That fairest earthly fame, the fame of freedom is inseparable from the names of Albion, Britain, England.'

"My message therefore to you today as Chancellor and Foreign Secretary is to be so proud of the race to which you belong that you will be as jealous of its honour as you are of its safety, and that you will fight for both with equal determination. The struggle will be arduous, it may be long, and it will certainly demand of our nation that it should withhold nothing that may contribute to our strength. Let us never forget that of all the resources at our command, the most powerful will be the quality of our resolution, fed by a true perception of the responsibility laid upon each one of us, and of the spirit in which that responsibility must be discharged. In front of the Viceroy's House in New Delhi stands a column, on which are inscribed the words: '*In Thought Faith, In Word Wisdom, In Deed Courage, In Life Service. So may India be great.*' No one of us could offer for our country and our Commonwealth any better prayer today."

At Oxford University, Feb. 27, 1940.

—LORD HALIFAX.

The Story of Britain

The epic of their lives is writ in fire,
In blood and anguish is their story told,
The saga of their courage shall be heard
In many twilights when the world is old.
Disaster takes no toll of gallantry,
Wrecks takes no toll of honour or of
truth,
There shall be clean earth where these
people fall,

There shall be freedom where they pour
their youth.
There is a tale greater than ruin and death,
And it is written while they burn and
bleed,
This is the story of a people's soul—
This is the deathless story of a breed.

—Max Press

* * *

The Prime Minister of Great Britain

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, Prime Minister of Great Britain, was sixty-six years of age on November 30, 1940. Of those years, forty-five have been spent in the service of his country: first as a young officer in the army in both India and Africa, and then in public life. He has held a dozen cabinet posts under both Liberal and Conservative Prime Ministers. He has served his country, too, in opposition. He has left the mark of his imperishable genius and imagination upon whatever he has done.

He is an Englishman whose blood is half American. He comes of a famous house to which he now adds a lustre brighter than any since that of its founder, the first Duke of Marlborough. For many years he was considered wayward, erratic, unstable; but to one purpose he has been steadfast: the greatness and security of his country have been always first in his heart. This has been his guiding star and efforts to confine him inside party lines have been fruitless. Again and again he has broken with his colleagues when he believed the interests of the State transcended the interests of the party with which he was allied.

It is proper then, that when he reached the summit of his career in May, 1940, it was as leader of a national coalition government.

Through his remarkable speeches during the dangerous months he has served as Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Churchill has won and held the admiration and attention of all the freedom-loving world. The indomitable spirit manifested in his utterances is at once a buttress in the defence of Britain and a clarion call to conquered and threatened people everywhere to hold fast their love of freedom until the forces of aggression are eventually and forever overcome.

* * *

THE UNITY of the ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

It is no exaggeration to say that the future of the whole world and the hopes of a broadening civilization founded upon Christian ethics depend upon relations between the British Empire, or Commonwealth of Nations, and the United States of America.

The identity of purpose and persistence of resolve prevailing throughout the English-speaking world will, more than any other single fact, determine the way of life which will be open to generations, and perhaps to centuries, which follow our own.

If co-operation between the United States and the British Empire in the task of extirpating the spirit and regime of totalitarian intolerance, wherever it may be found, were to fail, the British Empire, rugged and embattled, might indeed hew its way through and preserve its life and strength for an inevitable renewal of the conflict on worse terms after an uneasy truce.

But the chance of setting the march of mankind clearly and surely along the high-roads of human progress would be lost and might never return.

There we stand, all of us, upon the watchtowers of history and have offered to us the glorious opportunity of making the supreme sacrifices and exertions needed by a cause which it may not be irreverent to call sublime.

I have always taken the view that the fortunes of mankind in its tremendous journey are principally decided for good or for ill—but mainly for good, for the path is upward—by its greatest men and its greatest episodes.

I therefore hail it as a most fortunate occurrence that at this awe-striking climax in world affairs there should stand at the head of the American republic a famous statesman long versed and experienced in the work of government, in whose heart there burns the fire of resistance to aggression and oppression, and whose sympathies and nature make him the sincere and undoubted champion of justice and of freedom and of the victims of wrong doing wherever they may dwell.

“Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will still say, this was their finest hour.”

—RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

* * *

ENGLAND YET SHALL STAND

Where the football sounds of England, where the smile of England shines,
Rings the tread and laughs the face of freedom, fair as hope divines
Days to be, more brave than ours and lit by lordlier stars for signs.

All our past acclaims our future: Shakespeare’s voice and Nelson’s hand,
Milton’s faith and Wordsworth’s trust in this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

* * *

The King

WHAT IS THE KING

By PHILIP LEE in “Winnipeg Free Press”

Listen! Voices . . . singing . . .

“God save our Gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King” . . .

Come, let us join our voices, too. Let us sing this ageless anthem; let us lose ourselves in the words and the melody. While we sing, however, let us think.

What is the King?

The King is a warrior, a warrior whom the greatest warriors of the ages would have welcomed to their halls. Where there is danger, he is there. When the earth trembles and the night rocks in pain, he is there—with his people. Bare-headed he stands in the rubble of things built by centuries, comforting the bereaved, the disheartened, the aged, the young, and the desolate.

“You are a great King,” they tell him. “You are a great King.”

“And you,” he replies with his grave, boyish smile, “are a great people.”

And as he walks away their hearts find new hope and even manage to sing a little . . .

“Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious” . . .

* * *

But the King is more than a man and a king—the King is the roll-call of time. He is the history of an island that became an empire. His name is the perpetual remembrance of great deeds by great men for a great country. He is the birthright of a people who through the centuries built slowly but built well, who made their mistakes but acknowledged them, doing their best to correct them and to keep on correcting them. Other nations rose and fell, passing like a dream in the night. But this one kept on.

Listen! Voices . . . singing . . .

“Long to reign over us,
God save the King.”

What is the King?

He is unity. Listen again to the voices. Hear them? They are antheming more grandly and sweetly than ever. Hear it . . . It starts from the islands . . . you can hear it even above the pounding of the surf off Sydney and the shores of New Zealand and Tasmania . . . it carries stronger and stronger over the blue Pacific and the vastness that is Canada. Its sweet breath caresses the warmth of the Indian Ocean as it ascends higher and higher over South African plains . . . staunch ships in the wide Atlantic pick it up and carry it with them . . .

That is what the King is: He is courage. He is the proof of history. He is unity. He is victory.

TRIBUTE to a QUEEN

London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

Be it said to your renown
That you wore your gayest gown,
Your bravest smile, and stayed in town
When London Bridge was falling down,
My fair lady.

—Mary A. Winter

* * *

A MESSAGE from THE KING

To those of my listeners who are young:

"Life is a great adventure, and every one of you can be a pioneer, blazing by thought and service a trail to better things.

"Hold fast to all that is just and of good report in the heritage which your fathers have left to you, but strive also to improve and equalize that heritage for all men and women in the years to come. Remember, too, that the key to all true progress lies in faith, hope, and love. May God give you their support, and may God help them to prevail."

—Broadcast from Winnipeg, May 24, 1939.

* * *

To the Empire, 1939

"A new year is at hand. We cannot tell what it will bring. If it brings peace, how thankful we shall all be. If it brings us continued struggle we shall remain undaunted. In the meantime I feel that we may all find a message of encouragement in the lines which, in my closing words, I would like to say to you: 'I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the Year, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown." And he replied, "Go out into the darkness, and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light, and safer than a known way".'

"May that Almighty Hand guide and uphold us all."

* * *

THE EFFORT

The Army

A CALL to ARMS

Come then . . . let us to the Task, to the Battle and the Toil. Each to our part, each to our station, fill the armies, rule the air, pour out the munitions, strangle the U-Boats, sweep the mines, plough the land, build the ships, guard the street, succor the wounded, uplift the downcast and honour the brave. Let us go forward together in all parts of the Empire, in all parts of this Island. There is not a week, nor a day, nor an hour to be lost.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these.
But of all the world's great heroes there's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears.
Singing tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand grenades.
We throw them from the glacis about the enemies' ears,
Singing tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over we to the town repair;
 The townsmen cry, "Hurrah, boys, here comes a Grenadier."
 Here come the bravest heroes who know no doubts or fears,
 Singing tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.
 Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
 Who carry caps and pouches and wear the louped clothes.
 May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

* * *

DUNKERQUE

So long as the English tongue survives, the word Dunkerque will be spoken with reverence. For in that harbour, in such a hell as never blazed on earth before, at the end of a lost battle, the rags and blemishes that have hidden the soul of democracy fell away. There, beaten but unconquered, in shining splendor, she faced the enemy.

They sent away the wounded first. Men died so that others could escape. It was not so simple a thing as courage, which the Nazis had in plenty. It was not so simple a thing as discipline, which can be hammered into men by a drill sergeant. It was not the result of careful planning, for there could have been little. It was the common man of the free countries, rising in all his glory out of the mill, office, factory, mine, farm and ship, applying to war the lessons learned when he went down the shaft to bring out trapped comrades, when he hurled the lifeboat through the surf, when he endured poverty and hard work for his childrens' sake. This shining thing in the souls of free men Hitler cannot command, or attain, or conquer. He has crushed it, where he could, from German hearts.

It is the great tradition of democracy. It is the future. It is victory.

* * *

THE TRUMPET-CALL

Trumpeter, sound the great recall!
 Swift, O swift for the squadrons break,
 The long lines waver, mazed in the gloom
 Hither and thither the blind host
 blunders!

Stand thou firm for a dead Man's sake,
 Firm where the ranks reel down to their
 doom,

Stand thou firm in the midst of the
 thunders,

Stand where the steeds and the riders fall,
 Set the bronze to thy lips and sound

A rally to ring the whole world round!
 Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
 Sound the great recall.

Trumpeter, sound for the last Crusade!
 Sound for the fire of the red-cross kings
 Sound for the passion, the splendour, the
 pity
 That swept the world for a dead Man's
 sake,

Sound, till the answering trumpet rings,
 Clear from the heights of the holy City.
 Sound till the lions of England awake,

Sound for the tomb that our lives have
 betrayed;
 O'er broken shrine and abandoned
 wall,

Trumpeter, sound the great recall,
 Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us;
 Sound for the last Crusade.

Trumpeter, sound for the splendour of
 God!

Sound the magic whose name is law,
 Whose service is perfect freedom still,
 The order august that rules the stars!
 Bid the anarchs of night withdraw.

Too long the destroyers have worked their
 will.

Sound for the last, the last of the wars!

Sound for the heights that our fathers
 trod,

When the truth was truth and love was
 love,

With a hell beneath, but a heaven
 above,

Trumpeter, rally us, up to the heights of it!
 Sound for the City of God.

—Alfred Noyes.

The Navy

ADMIRALS ALL

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake

Here's to the bold and free!

Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,

Hail to the Kings of the sea!

Admirals all, for England's sake,

Honour be yours and fame!

And honour, as long as waves shall
break,

To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, they said their say

(The echoes are ringing still),

Admirals all, they went their way

To the haven under the hill.

But they left us a kingdom none can
take,

The realm of the circling sea,

To be ruled by the rightful sons of
Blake

And the Rodney's yet to be.

EPIC of the JERVIS BAY

(Excerpt from *Time Magazine*, November 25th, 1940)

A relentless, silent hunt of vast proportions was afoot last week. The field was the gale-blasted barrens of the North Atlantic Ocean. The hunters were patient, powerful units of the Royal Navy, equipped with aircraft which soared ceaselessly like gulls of vengeance far up the shores of Greenland and Iceland, high over the crinkled fjords of farthest Norway. They hunted a killer—the German surface raider, probably the pocket battleship Admiral Scheer or Lutzow, which last fortnight fell upon a big British convoy in Lat. 52°N., Long. 32°W., halfway between Newfoundland and Eire.

While the Royal Navy hunted, survivors of the disaster reached port with considerable deflation for the German Admiralty's claim of "86,000 tons completely destroyed," and another epic of blazing courage in British seamen. Survivors told it:

The convoy of 38 ships was strung out in line on a calm sea. The sun was just setting, gloriously. The raider appeared from the north. At about eight miles' distance (14,000 yds.) it started hurling 11-inch shells, the first of which fell just short of the 16,698-ton Rangitiki, largest member of the convoy and first to signal the alarm.

Without an instant's hesitation, out of the line of defenseless freighters and straight for the death-laden steel-clad raider swerved the 14,164-ton armed merchant cruiser Jervis Bay, a hardy old packet which used to take freight and poor emigrants from Britain out to Australia. She had just six-inch guns and no armour plate over her ribs. Her commander was an Irish admiral's middle-aged son named Edward Stephen Fogarty Fegan. He had promised his men that if ever they met the enemy they would face him and close in.

The Jervis Bay closed in, laying a smoke screen as she went, behind which the rest of the convoy scattered into the gathering dusk.

It was sacrificial suicide. Captain Fegan and all his men—most of them boys just out of training school—well knew it. It was also duty. The raider's heavy shells crashed around them and Captain Fegan bawled for more steam, to get his ship within 10,000 yards so that what guns he had might penetrate the enemy's armor.

As soon as the enemy raider had the range, she sent her metal over in salvos. One of the first carried away most of the Jervis Bay's main bridge and part of Captain Fegan's right arm. Bawling for more speed from his engines, more fire from his guns, he clambered to the after bridge. Another salvo wrecked the Jervis Bay's steering gear. She steamed straight ahead.

A stoker passing cordite up to one of the Britisher's for'ard guns was puzzled by sudden silence above him. He went aloft to see what was the trouble. He found "... most of the men dead ... About 20 men were being attended to by the doctor. A shell came over and I guess it finished them." The third salvo had carried away another forward gun. Another powder monkey (in peace time a London cabby) later recalled how, after half an hour, "my gun was hit directly ... There was a terrible sound and the gun and its whole crew were blown completely off the ship."

With his forward guns out of action, his steering gear gone, Captain Fegan had a hard time maneuvering to use his after guns. But with the wind he managed it, and with his ship in flames, his shredded arm dangling, he set out, when his after bridge was shot out from under him, for what was left of his main bridge.

The Jervis Bay was settling fast by the bow. But only just before the hot muzzle of his last active gun hissed in the sea did Captain Fegan give the order to abandon ship. Sixty-eight men (out of 250) reached the one lifeboat and two rafts that remained floatable. Captain Fegan was not among them.

The raider hurled shrapnel for a while, to destroy as many survivors as possible, perhaps fearing a death-rattle torpedo attack and perhaps also to prevent being identified. Scarcely one man was not hit, but their heavy sea gear stopped most of the splinters. Darkness probably saved them. Presently the raider turned off, began vainly hunting other victims with angry starshells. The valiant Jervis Bay had held him up for better than an hour.

Three of the men on the rafts died of their wounds. Their comrades buried them in the sea. After five hours a ship throbbed near through the night. They signalled it with torches. It was a Swedish freighter, one of the convoy coming back. "They did so well for us," explained Sven Olander, "I did not want to leave them there."

Captain Olander landed his survivors at a Canadian port. Meantime, into British ports crept 24 of the original convoy of 38, including the Rangitiki and Cornish City, whose radio messages, followed by silence, had marked them as surely lost. Then eight more slowpokes showed up. At the last came the wallowing, battered tanker San Demetrio, whose crew had abandoned her once, then reboarded her, put out a blaze, brought her home. The total loss out of 38 was but four ships, of not much more than 30,000 tons.

Sir Richard Grenville calling in the fading sunset light,
 In the harbour where the good ships go:
 "Ho, my masters, make ye ready to acclaim the gallant fight
 Of a little ship against a mighty foe.
 'Tis a merchant liner-cruiser with a convoy in her keep
 (O ye bravest in this harbour, give her room!)
 See, the shepherd flings her life away to save her scattered sheep
 As she steams to meet the raider—and her doom!"
 So they waited in the harbour till at last the fring died,
 And the flames had ceased to leap across the sea;
 Then a battered ship came limping, blackened, weary, full of pride,
 Home to anchor in the haven of the free.
 All the harbour rang with shouting from the ships of long ago,
 As she passed them on her slow and painful way:
 With Revenge and Rawalpindi standing by to cheer her on,
 While Sir Richard signalled: "Welcome, Jervis Bay!"

* * *

The Merchant Marine

The Little Ships

("The small steamer . . . struck a mine yesterday and sank. The crew perished."
 . . . Daily Paper.)

Who to the deep in ships go down
 Great marvels to behold,
 But comes the day when some must drown
 In the grey sea and cold.
 For galleons lost great bells do toll,
 But now must we implore
 God's ear for sunken Little Ships
 Who are not heard of more.

When ships of war put out to sea
 They go with guns and mail,
 That so the chance may equal be
 Should foeman them assail;
 But Little Ships men's errands run
 And are not clad for strife;
 God's mercy then on Little Ships
 Who cannot fight for life.

To warm and cure, to clothe and feed,
 They stoutly put to sea,
 And since that men of them had need
 Made light of jeopardy;
 Each in her hour her fate did meet
 Nor flinched nor made outcry;
 God's love be with these Little Ships
 Who could not choose but die.

To friar and nun, and every one
 Who live to save and tend,
 Sisters were these whose work is done
 And cometh thus to end;
 Full well they knew what risk they ran
 But still were strong to give;
 God's grace for all the Little Ships
 Who died that men might live.

—C. Hilton Brown.

The Air Force

"Never on the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Hymn for the Airmen

O Thou within whose sure control
The surging planets onward roll,
Whose everlasting arms embrace
The sons of every clime and race:
Hear Thou, O Lord, a nation's prayer
For these Thy children of the air !

Across the ocean, dread and deep,
Above the forest's lonely sweep,
Or when through serried clouds they rise
And hidden are from mortal eyes;
Hear Thou, O Lord, a nation's prayer
For Thy crusaders of the air !

Thou at the impulse of whose will
A troubled Galilee grew still,
Thy chart and compass shall provide,
Deliverance from storm and tide:
Hear Thou, O Lord, a nation's prayer
For these Thy rangers of the air !

Uphold their shining argosies
Upon the vast ethereal seas;
Encompass Thou their valiant wings
In all their brave adventurings:
Hear Thou, O Lord, a nation's prayer
For these Thy children of the air !

* * *

AN AIRMAN to HIS MOTHER

"My Earthly Mission Is Fulfilled"

Among the personal belongings of a young R.A.F. pilot in a Bomber Squadron who was recently reported "Missing, believed killed," was a letter to his mother—to be sent to her if he were killed.

"This letter was perhaps the most amazing one I have ever read; simple and direct in its wording but splendid and uplifting in its outlook," says the young officer's station commander. "It was inevitable that I should read it—in fact he must have intended this, for it was left open in order that I might be certain that no prohibited information was disclosed.

"I sent the letter to the bereaved mother, and asked her whether I might publish it anonymously, as I feel its contents may bring comfort to other mothers, and that every one in our country may feel proud to read of the sentiments which support 'an average airman' in the execution of his present arduous duties. I have received the mother's permission, and I hope this letter may be read by the greatest possible number of our countrymen at home and abroad."

TEXT OF THE LETTER

Dearest Mother—Though I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly, and I have instructed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake. You must hope on for a month, but at the end of that time you must accept the fact that I have handed my task over to the extremely capable hands of my comrades of the Royal Air Force, as so many splendid fellows have already done.

First, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of the greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys and supply ships, and on one occasion our informaton was instrumental in saving the lives of the men in a crippled light-house relief ship. Though it will be difficult for you, you will disappoint me if you do not at least try to accept the facts dispassionately, for I shall have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man could do less.

I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual setbacks; in the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country; and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future. My death would not mean that your struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Those who serve England must expect nothing from her; we debase ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in which to eat and sleep.

History resounds with illustrious names who have given all, yet their sacrifice has resulted in the British Empire, where there is a measure of peace, justice, and freedom for all, and where a higher standard of civilization has evolved, and is still evolving, than anywhere else. But this is not only concerning our own land. Today we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honoured to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I have to thank you. Yet there is more work

for you to do. The home front will still have to stand united for years after the war is won. For all that can be said against it, I still maintain that this war is a very good thing; every individual is having the chance to give and dare all for his principle like the martyrs of old. However long the time may be, one thing can never be altered—I shall have lived and died an Englishman. Nothing else matters one jot, nor can anything ever change it.

You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation . . . I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of any one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent to this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us that can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace.

I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us; they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our metal because He knows what is good for us. The Bible is full of cases where the easy way out has been discarded for moral principles.

I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret, and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you; but you will live in peace and freedom and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.

Your loving son,

* * *

The People

The following is a story told by the Prime Minister of Britain in the midst of the dark days of the last war:

"There is a story," said he, "of a man who was given a series of what appeared to be impossible tasks to perform, ere he could reach the desires of his heart. Amongst other things he had to do, was to recover every grain of seed, that had been sown in a large field, and bring it all in, without one missing, by sunset. He came to an ant-hill, and won all hearts, and enlisted the sympathies of the industrious little people. They spread over the field, and, before sundown, the seed was all in except one grain; and, as the sun was setting over the western skies, a lame ant hobbled along with that grain also."

Some of us have youth, and vigour, and suppleness of limb; some of us are crippled with years of infirmities, and we are, at best, but lame ants. But we can all limp along with some share of our country's burden, and thus help her in this terrible hour, to win the desire of her heart.

TRIBUTE

The men who march in England, from King to tinker-lad,
Have not believed the story that life is drear and sad.
Beside the flowery hedgerows, across the windy down,
They shout for love of England, and England's London Town.

The women weep in England, when secretly withdrawn,
But never in the open street, or on the tennis lawn,
Or where in happy company the warriors appear.
Then are they brave enough to smile though death be hovering near.

The children sing in England, however sad they be.
The jolly ditties of the day come shrilling o'er the sea.
And oh, when ships are torn apart, and shattered engines fail,
"Roll out the Barrel" gaily rings from lifeboats in the gale.

O England, merry England, my father's land and mine,
Though bugles blare contempt of you, and surly bullets whine,
I love you for your gentleness, your gallantry and grace,
And for the smile of constancy which lights your lovely face.

—J. E. Middleton

GOD SAVE THE KING
NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

